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JOHNSON'S

SECOND READER.

ILLUSTRATED.

REVISED BY E. C. BRANSON,
Teacher of Pedagogy in Georgia State Normal School,
Author of "Methods of Teaching Reading," etc.

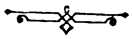
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Suggestions as to the Use of the Second Reader.

The child is ready for the Second Reader when he can recognize instantly on a printed page about five hundred words, all of which are already in his spoken vocabulary. In the Second Reader new words, as representing ideas partly new at any rate, begin to be introduced; some reliance, too, is placed on the child's ability to think intelligently.

The child learns to *use* good English intelligently by *reading* good English intelligently. To accomplish this object, the sentences must not be so long as to require more breath than he can easily command; nor so involved in thought as to exceed his ability to follow without breaking down, or even without being fatigued; nor composed of words that he might not hear spoken by his associates out of school.

At the same time every selection in this or any other reader should either be from the hand of an acknowledged master of the language, or should be designed to lead him almost immediately to such fountain head. The development of a love for good literature is the highest aim of a course of reading in school, and a well-balanced, well-constructed sentence carrying a well-balanced, well-constructed

thought should appeal to the child as harmony to the musician. He cannot be responsive to such an appeal unless most—and preferably all—of the language he has heard be correct.

When the teacher, the pupil, and the reading-book are brought together, the aim is to have the pupil give evidence to the teacher that he comprehends what the printed symbols are, expressed in sound, and what the collection of words—the sentence—is in thought. When the teacher learns how to keep this balance between word and sentence, sound and sense—how to have the pupil call all the words correctly, and yet do much more than merely "call the words," think the thought—then good teaching begins.

In the arranging of selections in a series of readers, the compilers have to see to it that no selection has too many new words in it, that the new words be not too difficult, and that each selection be a development of the one preceding. Yet, each selection should contain a complete thought, which should have a high value in the formation of the child's character. It should not be expected that any one selection can have an appreciable effect upon the child. When one is weak, a tonic is prescribed, and the essential character of a tonic is small doses, regularly administered for a long time.

There are infinite differences in children, but they have these characteristics in common, weakness and immaturity.

It is a tonic they need, whether it be their moral or their mental growth that is considered.

When a series of readers is produced that keeps this balance between the attempt to increase gradually and systematically the child's vocabulary, and the effort to develop gradually and systematically his moral being, then a perfect series will have been produced.

The compilers of this series do not claim that they have struck this balance perfectly, but if intelligent teachers who use the books will help, they will come nearer to accomplishing their object in future editions.

A great deal of use is made in this number of fables and folk-lore stories, all of which have a high moral value, in the tonic sense referred to above. It is not intended that the teachers should tell the pupil the moral, so-called, but the selection should be so read, word-sound and sentence-meaning being both brought out, that the child cannot help absorbing the lesson.

The nature-study lessons are based upon familiar natural objects—technical terms being avoided as far as possible—and when rightly used can be made the basis of training in observation upon the concrete world in which the child lives.

Some of the lessons in this book may appear to present too many new and apparently difficult words for a Second Reader—as, for instance, the selection from Hiawatha.

However, the literary value of the selection is so high,

and, above all, it has been found out by frequent and long-continued experiment that children are so carried away by the charm of the poem—which should be given them in the words of the author—the beauty of the rhythm, and the delightful story told, that they do not notice the difficult words as such. In fact, these characteristics of the selection are the very instruments by means of which the difficult words are grappled with and overcome.

It is suggested that, in schools where one teacher has charge of more than one grade or section, a language lesson, based on the reading lesson just gone over with one grade, will keep that grade profitably employed while the teacher has to give his attention to the other.

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"GROWING."

SECOND READER.

LESSON I.

GROWING.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger."
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

—*Tennyson.*

LESSON II.

grapes	hang'ing	tried	could
ver'y	jumped	a gain'	found
hun'gry	missed	great	sour

A gain' (a gĕn'). Don't means **do not.**

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A fox who was very hungry saw some nice grapes hanging on a tree.



He jumped up to get the grapes, but missed them.

He tried again, and missed them again. He did this a great many times, but he could never get the grapes.

When he found he could not get them by trying hard, he went away, saying, "I don't want the grapes any way, for I know they are sour."—*Aesop.*

SEAT-WORK.

[Write answers in complete sentences.]

What did the fox see?
Why did he try to get the grapes?
How did he try to get them?
What happened?
What did he do at last?
What did he say as he went away?
What do you think the story means?



LESSON III.

bird'ies	break'fast	wend'ed	swept
be gan'	maid'ens	where	scat'tered
won'der	gar'den	broom	crumbs

Wĕnd'ed means **went.**

BIRDIES' BREAKFAST.

Some little birdies,
One wintry day,
Began to wonder,
And then to say:
"How about breakfast,
This wintry day?"

Two little maidens,
That wintry day,
Into the garden
Wended their way,
Where the snow lay deep,
That wintry day.

One, with a broom,
Swept the snow away;
One scattered crumbs,
Then away to play;
And birdies had breakfast,
That wintry day.

SEAT–WORK.

Copy the first verse.

How did the birdies get their breakfast?

LESSON IV.

leaves	end'less	rich'ness	beau'ti ful
dy'ing	cov'er	forth	fresh'ness

Fōrth means **out of hiding.**

FALLING LEAVES.

The leaves have spent their short lives, they have done their work, and now they seem to be dying.

But are the leaves dying? Is their work



NOVEMBER.

done? No, no; the leaves have not finished their work. On and on it goes like an endless story.

The leaves fall to the earth and cover the life that is under the ground.

The rains wash down upon them, taking into the earth a richness from these leaves that will come forth again in the spring and make our world beautiful.

Flowers, grass, plants, and trees are fed by these leaves.

So do not think of them as dying leaves, but as leaves which shall live again in freshness and beauty when the cold winter is gone and spring comes again.

SEAT–WORK.

[Write answers in complete sentences.]

When do the leaves begin to grow?

When do they fall?

What good is done by their falling?

Write the names of all the months.

Name the spring months and the fall months.

LESSON V.

buzz'es	wisps	treas'ure	bursts
clo'ver	straw	o'er flow'ing	wea'ry
twigs	toil'ing	meas'ure	brave'ly

Toil'ing means **working.**
O'er flow'ing means **overflowing.**
Wea'ry means **tired.** Wee means **small.**

OVER AND OVER.

"Over and over, little lad,
The same thing over and over;"
So sings the robin from his nest,
And buzzes the bee in the clover.

"Every spring I build my nest,
Over and over, bringing
Tiny twigs and wee wisps of straw,
Toiling, dreaming and singing.

"Every day I search the flowers,
To find the hidden treasure;
Over and over, home at night,
I bring o'erflowing measure."

Over and over, every day,
The sun bursts forth in glory;
Over and over, soft, warm winds,
Whisper the same sweet story.

Over and over mother toils,
And plans for one boy's pleasure;
Over and over bears with him,
And gives love without measure.

So weary not, dear little lad,
But bravely do your duty,
Over and over; then you'll find
The world may bloom in beauty.

SEAT–WORK.

Copy and commit to memory the last two verses.

LESSON VI.

farm'er	wheat	catch	stork
troub'led	sown	caught	brok'en
cranes	traps	found	loud'ly

THE FARMER AND THE STORK.

A farmer was troubled by cranes eating the wheat which he had sown in his fields.

He set traps in the fields to catch the cranes, and caught a great many.



Once he found a stork in a trap. The stork had broken its leg in the trap and was crying loudly.

When the stork saw the farmer he began to beg for his life.

"I am not a crane," he said, "I am a poor stork, and my leg is broken. You know my father and mother, and how good they are."

The farmer laughed and said, "I can see you are not a crane, but I have found you in bad company, and you must die."

SEAT–WORK.

What did the stork say?
Copy the last sentence.

LESSON VII.

pass'ing	mel'o dy	Gra'cie	les'son
sweet'est	mod'est	folks	for get'

Mĕl'ō dў means **music.**

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown
 Sat singing on a tree;
The song was very soft and low,
 But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by
Looked up to see the bird
That made the sweetest melody
That ever they had heard.



But all the bright eyes looked in vain,
For birdie was so small;
And with a modest dark-brown coat
He made no show at all.

"Why, papa," little Gracie said,
"Where can this birdie be?
If I could sing a song like that,
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn
A lesson from that bird,
And try to do what good she can,
Not to be seen or heard.

"So live, my child, all through your life,
That, be it short or long,
Though others may forget your looks,
They'll not forget your song."

—*George MacDonald.*

SEAT-WORK.

[Write answers in complete sentences.]

What is the color of this little bird?

What was he doing?

What did Gracie say to her papa?

What did papa say?

LESSON VIII.

skat'ing	mid'dle	sheaf	Christ'mas
miles	yard	bound	Swe'den
pret'ty	friend	mer'ry	pre pared'

Shēa̤f means **bundle.** That's means **that is.**
Pret'ty (prĭt'tў).

CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS.

One winter day I had been skating on a



pretty lake three miles from home. On my way home I saw at every farmer's house a pole in the middle of the

yard with a large, full sheaf of grain bound to the top.

"Why is this?" I asked my friend.

"Oh, that's for the birds—the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas too, you know."

Yes, so it is; not a farmer in Sweden will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner till he has first prepared one for the little birds.

SEAT-WORK.

[Write answers in complete sentences.]

How were the little birds fed?

Where were the birds fed in this way?

How do your little birds get their Christmas dinner?

LESSON IX.

lark	reap	kith	dawn
field	fright	kin	sure
wheat	need	trust	done

Kĭth and kĭn means **friends** and **relatives.**

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A lark had a nest of young birds in a field of wheat. One day two men came to look at the crop.

"Well," said one of them to his son, "I think this wheat is ripe. Go and ask your friends to help us reap it."

When the old lark came back to her nest, the young ones told her, in great fright, what they had heard.



"So they look to their friends," she said; "well, I think we need not fear."

The next day the man came, and saw no friends in the field, so he said to his son, "Bring our kith and kin to help us."

The young ones heard this, and told the mother when she came home.

The mother said, "We need not be afraid. I do not think their kith and kin will come to help them."

After a day or two, the man found that no one came to help them.

He said to his son, "We will trust no one. We will reap the wheat at dawn of day."

"Now," said the lark, "we must go; when a man takes his work in his own hands it is sure to be done."

SEAT–WORK.

[Write answers in complete sentences.]

Where did the lark have her nest?

What happened one day?

What did the man say to his son?

What did the lark say to this?

What did the man say next time?

What did the lark say?

What did the man say at last?

Then what did the lark do? Why?

Shut your book and tell the whole story over to yourself.

LESSON X.

moon'light	chirp	a wak'ened	plunged
look'ing-glass	voice	branch'es	splash'ing
would	farm-house	be lieve'	proud

Wouldn't means **would not.** Isn't means **is not.**

THE PROUD FROG.

It was a moonlight night, and the water was so bright that a great green frog was using it for a looking-glass. He thought he was a very fine fellow.

"Ker-chug! ker-chug!" said he. "What a nice, big frog I am, and not a bit like that little bird that sits over there on the bush. I wouldn't be so small for anything.

"Just hear what a weak 'chirp' he has! My voice is loud enough to be heard away over at that farm-house. I think I will sing them a song. Ker-chug! ker-chug!"

The little bird, awakened by the noise, hopped about on the branches and began to sing.

"Why, he can sing, too!" said the frog. "I am not sure but that he sings a *little* bet-

ter than I do. But he's a poor thing, afraid of the water. I believe I will take a dive."

He plunged into the pond and came up again; but the splashing he made so frightened the bird that it flew away up into the sky. The frog now looked after it in wonder.

"I cannot do that," he said. "I can go into the water, but I cannot go into the sky. After all, it isn't good to be proud of one's self, for some can do one thing better, and some another, and no one is smart enough to do them all."

SEAT–WORK.

What is the story about?

What was the frog's looking-glass?

What did the proud frog say about himself?

What did he say about the little bird?

What did he think when the bird began to sing?

What did he do then?

What did he say when the little bird flew into the sky?

Tell the whole story over to yourself without looking in the book.

LESSON XI.

la'dy	sea	roll'ing	wish'ing
moon	lov'ing	rest'ing	bold
rov'ing	tired	for ev'er	o bey'

Rōv'ĭng means **wandering.** I'm means **I am.**

LADY MOON.

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"

"Over the sea."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"

"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

—*Lord Houghton.*

SEAT–WORK.

Copy the last stanza.

LESSON XII.

hare	beat	first	woke
tor'toise	goal	wait	passed
slow'ly	straight	slept	jumped

Tôr'tȯ̀ɪsȩ̀ (tôr'tɪs or tŭs), **a turtle.**
Gōȧ̀l, **the end of the race.**

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

One day a hare met a tortoise. He laughed at her for walking so slowly.

The tortoise said, "Let us have a race. I will beat you."

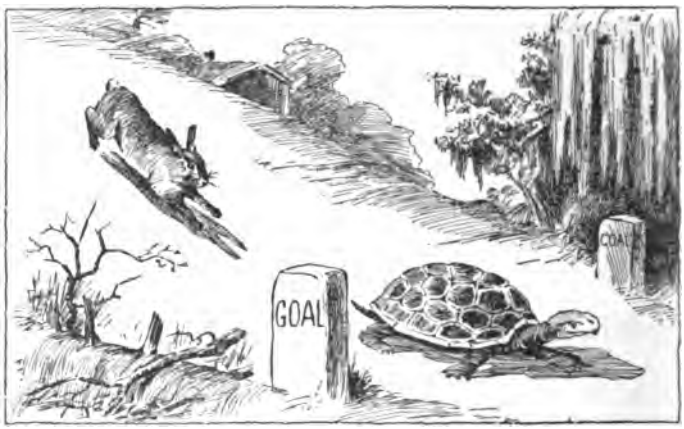
The hare knew that she could not do this, but he said, "We will try if you like."

They called a fox who was near, and asked him to fix the goal. On the next day they had the race.

The tortoise did not stop, but went straight on to the goal.

The hare ran fast at first, and then lay down to wait for her. It was a nice, cool spot, and he went to sleep.

How long he slept he did not know. When he awoke he saw by the sun that it was very late.



The tortoise was not in sight.

"Could she have passed me?" he said. He jumped up and ran as fast as he could to the goal.

He found the tortoise was there before him.

She had passed him while he slept.

SEAT–WORK.

How did the hare and the tortoise come to have a race?

How did the hare lose the race?

How did the tortoise win the race?

Write what you think about the hare.

Tell what you think about the tortoise.

LESSON XIII.

through	climbed	ly'ing	ad vice'
lone'ly	ground	rubbed	troub'le
a fraid'	breath	got'ten	whis'per ing

TWO MEN AND A BEAR.

Two men were walking through a dark and lonely wood.

One of them was very much afraid, and said, "What shall we do if we see a bear?"

"Oh," said the other, "I will help you, if you will help me."

"All right, then," said the first man.

They had not gone far before they did meet a bear.

One of the men ran away and climbed a tree. The other lay down on the ground and held his breath.

The bear came up to the man lying on the ground and rubbed his nose all over him. The bear thought the man was dead and went off.

When the bear had gotten far away, the man who had climbed the tree came down.

"What did the bear ask you?" said he. "I saw him whispering in your ear."

"Oh, he did not ask me anything. He gave me some good advice."

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me I must never trust a man who ran away when his friends were in trouble."

Do you think the bear's advice was good?

SEAT–WORK.

Copy the first four sentences.

What advice did the bear give?

LESSON XIV.

moth'er	cun'ning	nice'ly	roam
to-night'	horns	cra'dle	rain'bow

She'll means **she will.** I'd means **I would.**

'Twould means **it would.** You'd means **you would.**

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;

Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.



If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be.

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

—*Mrs. Follen.*

SEAT-WORK.

Copy the last three stanzas.

NOTE: A beautiful school song. For music see Hubbard's "Merry Songs and Games."

LESSON XV.

mouse	gen'er al ly	joke	hawk
al'ways	walk'ing	swam	din'ner
lived	a woke'	drowned	flew
frog	thought	float'ed	tak'en

THE MOUSE, THE FROG, AND THE HAWK.

A mouse, who always lived on land, and a frog, who generally lived in water, were great friends.

Once when they were out walking near a pond they lay down to take a nap.

The frog awoke first and thought of a joke he would play on his friend.

So he tied the mouse's leg to his own, and jumped into the pond.

The frog swam about and was very happy, but the poor mouse was drowned and floated on top of the water.

A hawk who was looking for a nice dinner flew near and saw the mouse.

The hawk flew down and took the mouse up to the top of a tree.



As the frog was tied to the mouse he was taken up too, and the hawk ate them both.

SEAT-WORK.

Where do mice live?
How are they covered?
What do they eat?
What kind of teeth has the mouse? Why?
What other animal has teeth like the mouse?

LESSON XVI.

there	sing'ing	med'dle	world
brown	run'ning	lose	sor'row
thrush	ju'ni per	touch	know

There's means **there is.** He's means **he is.**
World's means **world is.** Won't means **will not.**

THE BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree!
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! look in my tree!
I'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest, do you see?
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy.
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."



THE BROWN THRUSH.

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy:
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be—
Don't you know! don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LESSON XVII.

li'on	an'gry	strong	shoot
sleep'ing	please	heard	roar
woods	laughed	hunt'ers	gnaw
nose	hunt'ing	com'ing	a way'

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A lion was sleeping in the woods one day, when a mouse ran over his nose.

The lion was very angry with the mouse and said, "I am going to kill you."

"Oh, please let me go," said the mouse, "I will help you some day."

Then the lion laughed and let the little mouse go.

Not long after this, when the lion was out hunting, he was caught in a strong net.

He thought he heard the hunters coming to shoot him, and he began to roar with fright.



The mouse heard him, ran up to him, and began to gnaw the net.

Soon the lion was free and ran away before the hunters came.

SEAT-WORK.

How did the mouse awake the lion?
What did the lion say to the mouse?
What did the little mouse say?
How did the mouse help the lion?
Get ready to tell the whole story.

LESSON XVIII.

vil'lage	wolf	lon'ger	knocked
dear'ly	eat'en	stopped	brought
ev'ery bod'y	dan'ger	picked	string
bas'ket	be yond'	near'er	latch

I.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

In a village far away there lived a very sweet little girl. Her mother loved her very dearly, and so did her grandmother.

Her mother made her a pretty little red hood. This hood suited her so well that everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "Red Riding Hood, I want you to go to-day to see your grandmother. I hear she is sick. Take these cakes and this pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood set out at once with the basket of cakes and the pot of butter. Her grandmother lived in a village some distance from her mother's home. She had to go through a thick wood to get there.

As she was going through the wood she met a large wolf who was very hungry.

The wolf would have eaten her up, but he was afraid of some wood-cutters near by.

So he said, "Where are you going, little girl?"

She did not know the danger of talking to a wolf, so she said, "I am going to see my grandmother. I am going to take her these cakes and this pot of butter. She is sick."

"Does she live far away?" asked the wolf.

"Yes," said Little Red Riding Hood, "beyond the mill, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "I will go this way and you that. We shall see which gets there first."

The wolf took the nearer way and ran as fast as he could. The little girl took the longer way. As she went along she saw pretty flowers and nuts in the wood. She stopped and gathered the flowers for her grandmother. She picked up nuts under the trees, and watched the pretty butterflies.

The wolf got to her grandmother's first, and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked the grandmother.

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Hood," said the wolf. "I have brought you some cakes and a pot of butter."

The good old woman was sick in bed, so she called out, "Pull the string and the latch will go up."

pulled	reached	grand'child	bed'clothes
noth'ing	tapped	mam ma'	stool
wait'ed	fright'ened	sŏft'ly	mo'ment

II.

The wolf pulled the string and the door came open. He jumped upon the bed, and ate the poor grandmother up. He was very hungry, for he had had nothing to eat for three days.

He found one of the grandmother's caps and put it on. Then he jumped into the bed and waited for Little Red Riding Hood.

Very soon she reached the house and tapped at the door. "Who is there?" asked the wolf. At first she was frightened by his voice, but she thought her grandmother might have a cold. So she said, "It is your

grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood. Mamma has sent you some cakes and a pot of butter."

The wolf said as softly as he could, "Pull the string and the latch will go up."

She did as she was told, and went in. The wolf hid himself under the bedclothes and said, "Put the basket on the stool, my dear, and come here."

Little Red Riding Hood went up to the bed. She looked at the wolf and said "Grandmother, what great arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said, the wolf.

"But, grandmother, what great ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear," said the wolf.

"Grandmother, what great teeth you have!" said the little girl, who was now frightened.

"The better to eat you up," said the wolf.

Then the wolf jumped upon her and ate her up in a moment.

LESSON XIX.

dis con tent′	weath′er	pas′sion	al though′
bloomed	but′ter cup	wear′ing	hon′est
to geth′er	dai′sy	fash′ion	swal′lows
pleas ant	dai′sies	tire′some	wrong

You'd means **you would.** I'd means **I would.**

You're means **you are.** We'd means **we would.**

Save means **except.**

DISCONTENT.

Down in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near a buttercup,
That wished she were a daisy.

For daisies grow so big and tall,
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear Robin," said the sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self,
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here where you are growing."

—*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

SEAT-WORK.

Copy the last verse.

LESSON XX.

pĕt′rĕl	dis′mal	ī′land ers	be lieve′
sail′ors	sea′men	worth	queer
jol′ly	ca na′ry	coun′tries	hid′den
guess	oil′y	hard′ly	a cross′

LITTLE PETER.

This is the real name of the petrel, a bird that lives on the sea. The harder it storms,



the better he likes it; and the more noise the sea makes, the louder he cries.

The sailors, who are all so jolly, never like to meet a petrel. They are so dismal in their coal-black coats that seamen think they bring them ill luck, too.

You could not guess how the petrel sleeps. He first makes of himself a feather ball and sits on the water, just as your canary does on his perch. Why doesn't he sink? Because his feathers are so oily he can't.

These birds grow so fat that they are very valuable to the poor islanders in very cold countries. After they are dead a wick is drawn through their bodies and set on fire, and you can hardly believe how well this queer kind of lamp lights up their simple huts.

The petrel never goes on shore except to build her nest, which is hidden away between rocks or in the sand. There she lays her one egg, and brings up her baby. All day the petrel lives on the water, but she never forgets at night to feed the young one.

Sometimes they are called "Mother Carey's chickens." If you ever go across the water,

you may see them some day.—*Mrs. G. Hall.*

SEAT-WORK.

Where is the petrel's home?
What kind of weather does he like?
Why do sailors dislike the petrel?
How does he sleep?
How are they used in cold countries?
Where does the petrel build her nest?
What other name do petrels sometimes have?

LESSON XXI.

A FALL SONG.

Golden and red trees
Nod to the soft breeze,
As it whispers "Winter
is near";
And the brown nuts fall
At the wind's loud call,
For this is the fall of the
year.

Now the day grows cold
And the year grows old,
And the meadows are
brown and sear;
Brave robin redbreast
Has gone from his nest
For this is the fall of the
year.

I do softly pray
At the close of the day,
That the little children
so dear
May as purely grow
As the fleecy snow
That follows the fall of
the year.

—*Ellen Robena Field.*

LESSON XXII.

toad	de stroys′	mo′tion	clum′sy
sev′er al	in′sects	dart′ed	nim′bly
e′ven ing	placed	tongue	ob′ject
worse	dis′tance	de light′	learned

TOMMY LEARNS ABOUT TOADS.

"Oh, papa, see what a great, ugly toad? Do get a stick and kill him before he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden with his father.



"Why do you wish to kill him?" asked his father.

"Oh, because he is such an ugly thing, and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we killed several bugs and worms which we found here last evening. I am sure this toad is much worse than they."

"We killed the bugs and worms because they were eating our flowers. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place. Besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our garden are the food he eats. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug, place it near him and see what he will do."

Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs, which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see what would happen. Soon the bugs began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick motion of his head. He darted out his tongue and drew them, one by one, into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

"How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?" said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.

The next evening Tommy went again into the garden, and soon found the object of his search, ready for his supper. At first the

toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed the food near him. Then he would dart out his tongue and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by. Finding that the boy did not hurt him, he soon lost all fear and became a great pet.

Tommy named him Humpy, and says now he would not have killed him for anything.

Your tongue is rooted in the back part of your mouth. The frog's tongue is rooted in the front part of his mouth. The tip of it lies back toward his throat. It is long, slender, and slicky. When he sees a fly he edges up to it slowly, and all at once blows it out, or shoots it out with his breath. He has, you see, a sort of air gun for catching insects. He never misses his aim.

SEAT–WORK.

Where do toads stay in the day time?
When do you see them hopping about?
What do they eat?
How do they catch their food?
What good do they do?

LESSON XXIII.

Min'nie	with in'	a bout'	dream'ing
Win'nie	with out'	soon	start'ed
shell	sounds	ech'o	lin'net
la'dies	wan'dered	bright	crŏft

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
What are they dream-
ing of?
Who can tell?

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft.

—*Tennyson.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Wandered* (wạn'dẽrd), strayed; roamed. 2. *Echo* (ẽch'o), a sound heard again and again. 3. *Croft* (ɛröft), a small farm. 4. *Aloft* (a lŏft), risen.

SEAT-WORK.

Copy this poem.

LESSON XXIV.

house	green	bur'dock	o'pen
riv'er	mead'ow	un der	peep
a round'	be tween'	egg'shell	larg'est

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

I.

There was an old farm house not far from the river. Around it were green fields and pretty meadows.



Between the house and the river were some large burdocks. Under one of them a duck sat on her nest. She was very tired, for she had sat there a long time.

At last one eggshell burst open. "Peep! peep!" it cried.

Now another and another burst open. "Peep! peep!" came from the shells.

The little ducks came out and looked around. "How large the world is!" they cried. "It is larger than an eggshell."

"Do you think this is all of the world?" asked the old duck. "It is much larger than the field and the meadow. Are you all here? No, there is the largest egg."

She sat down again. She was very tired. She had been there a long time.

II.

vis'it or	leave	ug'ly	ūs'es
tur'key	teach	push	grace'ful
hatch'ed	swim	duck'ling	own

An old duck came to see her.

"Well, how are you?" said the old duck. "Are they all out?"

The mother said, "They are all out but one. That egg will not burst. Now look at the others; are they not pretty?"

"Let me see the egg that will not burst," said the visitor; "I think it is a turkey egg.



I once hatched one, but it was afraid of water. Leave it alone, and teach the others how to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer," she said.

At last the egg burst. "Peep! peep!" said the little one, and came out. It was very large and very ugly.

The duck looked at it. "It is very large," she said. "Not one of the others is like it. Can it be a turkey chick? I will find out. It must go into the water, if I have to push it in."

The next day the mother went down to the water with her little ones.

"Quack! quack!" she said, and one after another went in. The ugly duckling swam with them.

"No, it is not a turkey," she said. "See how it uses its legs! How graceful it is! It is my own child."

"Quack! quack!" said the mother. "Come with me. I will show you the world."

III.

barn'yard	Spain	brood	chick'ens
bus'tle	your selves'	harm	hunt'ed
bow	toes	chil'dren	kicked
yon'der	necks	liked	foot



"Now, we will go to the barn-yard. Bustle about, and see that you bow your heads to

that old duck yonder. She is from Spain, that's why she is so fat. Shake yourselves. Don't turn in your toes. Now bend your necks and say, 'quack!'"

The ducks in the farm-yard saw them. "There comes another brood," they said. "Look at that duckling! How ugly it is!"

One duck flew at it, and bit it.

"Let it alone," cried the mother. "It does no harm."

The old Spanish duck said, "Those are pretty children, all but one; make yourselves at home."

All liked the barn-yard except the ugly duckling. The ducks and chickens bit it and pushed it. It was hunted by every one. Even the girl who fed them kicked at it with her foot.

At last it could stand it no longer, so it shut its eyes and ran and ran until it was too tired to run. Then it lay down.

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Bustle* (bŭs'tl), to move quickly. 2. *Spain* (Spān), a country in south-west Europe. 3. *Brood* (brōōd), a nest of young birds.

IV.

wild	while	air	un til′
bowed	geese	splash	dived
reeds	swamp	sighed	no′bŏd y
a mong′	sound′ed	qui′et	be cause′

The next morning some wild ducks flew up, and looked at it. "What kind of duck are



you?" they asked. The poor duckling bowed the best it could. Poor thing, it was so tired. It lay down among the reeds a long time.

After a while two wild geese came to the same swamp. One of them said, "You are so ugly, I like you. Come with us, we are going to fly far away."

"Piff! paff!" sounded through the air. "Piff! paff!" sounded again. The two geese fell dead among the reeds.

A flock of geese rose up and flew away.

The hunters looked all around. Splash! splash! went the dogs into the water. The poor duckling was much frightened. It put its head under its wing. A dog came near it, but did not hurt it.

"Oh," sighed the duckling, "I am glad I am ugly. The dog will not bite me."

So it lay quiet until the hunters and dogs were gone. It swam and dived about, but nobody liked it because it was so ugly.

V.

au'tumn	loved	die	milk'pan
turned	win'ter	ear'ly	but'ter-tub
yel'low	cold'er	passed	meal-bar'rel
danced	water	car'ried	spring
wished	freez'ing	poor	slipped

Now the autumn came. The leaves on the trees turned red, yellow, and brown. They danced about and fell on the ground. The air was cold and the clouds were gray.

The poor little duckling did not have a good time.

One evening a flock of beautiful white birds flew to the swamp. They were beautiful white swans. In a little while they rose up and flew away.

How the poor duckling wished to go with them. It did not know where they were going, but it loved them.

Now the winter came, and it got colder and colder. The duckling had to swim about in the water to keep from freezing. At last it could swim no longer and thought that it would die.

Early in the morning a farmer passed by. He saw the duckling and took it out of the ice. He carried the poor thing to his wife. The children wanted to play with it.

The duckling was frightened and got away. They tried to catch it. It flew into the milk-pan, then into the butter-tub, then into the meal-barrel. How it looked then! Away they went after it!

The door was open and it slipped out. There was snow on the ground. The duckling lay down among the reeds. Soon the

sun began to shine again and the larks to sing. In a little while the beautiful spring had come.

VI.

flap	it self′	killed	beaks
strong′ly	limbs	beat′en	bread
bore	flow′ers	meet	clapped
knew	white	hap′py	a shamed′
hap′pened	swim′ming	stroked	dreamed

All at once the duckling could flap its wings. They beat the air more strongly than before and bore it away.

Before it well knew how all this happened it found itself in a great garden. There it saw beautiful trees with long branches. There were sweet flowers and pretty, green grass. Three white swans were swimming on the water.

"I will fly to them," it said, "and they will kill me because I am so ugly. It is better to be killed by them than to be beaten by the ducks, kicked by the girl, and to be hungry and cold in winter."

It flew out into the water and swam to the beautiful swans. They swam to meet it. "Kill me," it said, and bent its head down to the water.

But what was it they saw there? Not an ugly, gray duckling, but a white swan. Oh, it was so happy. The swans swam around it, and stroked it with their beaks.

Two little children came out into the garden, and threw bread and corn into the water.

One cried, "There is a new one."

The other said, "Yes, a new one has come."

They clapped their hands and danced about. They ran in and told their father and mother. They all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all."

It felt quite ashamed, and hid its head under its wing. It was so happy it did not know what to do. It had never dreamed of being so happy when it was the ugly duckling.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

DEFINITIONS.—1. *Bore* (bōre), carried. 2. *Swan* (swạn), see the next lesson.

SEAT-WORK.

Tell in a few words the story of the Ugly Duckling.

LESSON XXV.

cov'ered	slen'der	move	web-feet
feath'ers	bod'ies	eas'i ly	roots
grown	shaped	grace'ful ly	grain
broad	boats	dis'tan ces	food

SWANS.

Swans are large water birds. They are covered with beautiful white feathers when



they are grown. When they are young they are ugly and gray. They have broad beaks and long, slender necks. Their bodies are shaped like boats, which helps them to move easily and gracefully in the water.

Their wings are so strong that they can fly long distances. They fly and swim in large flocks.

Swans have web-feet, and short legs like ducks and geese. They do not look well on land.

They eat grain and the roots of the plants they find in the water. They get their food just as ducks do.

As soon as the young ones are hatched they can walk and swim and feed themselves. The down of the swan is used for many purposes.

LESSON XXVI.

vi'o let	shade	sweet	door
lift	wait'ing	wrapped	si'lent
mŏs'sy	shiv'er	hood	earth

CALLING THE VIOLET.

Dear little violet,
 Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
 From the rock's mossy shade.

All the birds call for you,
 Out of the sky;
May is here waiting,
 And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow grass
Under my feet.



Wrapped in your hood of green,
Violet, why
Peep from your earth door,
So silent and shy?

—*Lucy Larcom.*

LESSON XXVII.

thirst'y	stretched	e nough'	drop
pitch'er	close	rose	near'er
pụt'ting	break	peb'bles	drink

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A tame crow, who was very thirsty, found a pitcher of water.

When he came up to the pitcher he found there was only a little water in it.

He tried hard to get the water and stretched his neck as far as he could, but he could not reach it.

Then he tried to break the pitcher, but the pitcher would not break.

He tried to turn the pitcher over, but he was not strong enough.

Then he found some pebbles and began to drop them into the pitcher one by one.

The more pebbles he put into the pitcher, the nearer the water rose to the top.

After putting in a great many pebbles the



water was so close to the top that the thirsty crow could drink all he wanted.

SEAT-WORK.

[Copy and put in the right words.]

The crow was _____.

He found a _____ of water.

He could not _____ the water.

He dropped _____ into the pitcher.

LESSON XXVIII.

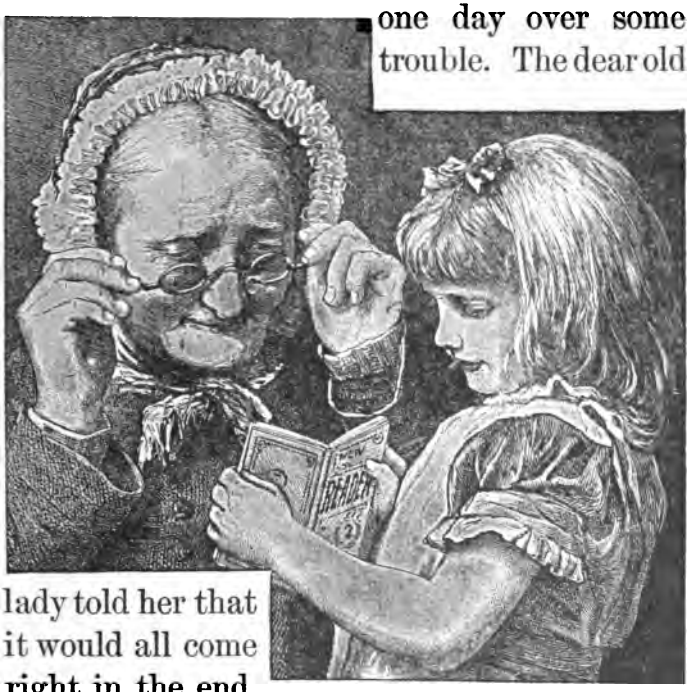
grand'ma	wȯr'ry	Bes'sy	puz'zle
sun'ny-faced	grand'daugh'ter	sil'ver	spec'ta cles
gen'tle	fret'ting	lin'ing	find'ing

A BRIGHT SIDE.

Grandma Bright is a dear, sunny-faced old lady, who always has a pleasant smile on

her gentle face. She has lived a long while, and says it does not pay to worry.

Her little granddaughter was fretting one day over some trouble. The dear old lady told her that it would all come right in the end.



"Bessy," she said, "if you live as long as I have, you will find there is a bright side to every trouble—a silver lining to every cloud."

Bessy thought she would puzzle the old lady, so she said, "Grandma, what is the

bright side to your trouble when you lose your spectacles?"

"Why, I have a very nice bright side then. That shows me that I have a dear little granddaughter who does not mind finding them for me."

SEAT-WORK.

[Copy and put in the right words.]

Grandma Bright is a dear, _____ old lady.

She always has a _____ smile on her _____ face.

She says it does not pay to _____.

She said to Bessy, "There is a _____ side to every _____.

Bessy does not mind _____ grandma's _____ for her. She is grandma's _____ _____.

LESSON XXIX.

stone	lift'ing	shin'ing	hold'eth
droop'ing	cloth'ing	white'ness	fill'ing
shone	dressed	crowned	cool
sun'shine	bride	droop'eth	veins

LITTLE WHITE LILY.

Little White Lily
 Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
 Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
 Sunshine has fed;
Little White Lily
 Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily
Dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

Little White Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the sweet rain.
Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup:
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little White Lily
Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,
Now I am cool,
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."



Little White Lily
Smells very sweet:
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine!
Thanks to the rain!
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

—*George MacDonald.*

SEAT-WORK.

Copy the last verse.

LESSON XXX.

Mar'ga ret	plead'ing ly	bloom'ing	Su'sy
walk	aunt'ie	laugh'ing	Hat'ty
ti'ny	Ted'dy	shout'ing	rath'er
stood	thanked	say'ing	shy'ly

Let's means **let us.** Didn't means **did not.**

LITTLE THANKFUL.

"Come along," said a merry young girl; "Aunt Margaret is going to take us out for a walk."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Margaret."

"You are always so good."

"May I go, too?"

A tiny boy stood at the door of the next house and looked pleadingly up with his big blue eyes as they came by.

"Let's take him, auntie, he's such a cunning little fellow," said Bessy.

Teddy's mother came out, and all the girls thanked her when she said the little boy might go.

Soon they came to a meadow where many lovely flowers were blooming.

Little Teddy ran about among the flowers

laughing, shouting, clapping his hands, and crying, "Thank you, thank you, God."

"Do you hear what that child is saying?" asked Susy of her aunt in a low voice.

"What a queer little fellow he is," said Hatty.

"Why queer?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Oh, to say such things."

"Come here, Teddy," said the lady, "what is that you are saying?"

"Oh," said the boy, rather shyly, as he saw them all waiting to hear his answer; "I was just saying 'thank you' for all these pretty things. Didn't you know God made them?"

"Yes, dear, I think we all know that."

"Mamma says it's polite to say 'thank you' when folks do nice things for you."

"Your mamma is right, Teddy. Now run and pick some of the flowers for her, and say 'thank you' as much as you like."

SEAT-WORK.

What did Teddy do in the meadow?
What did he say to Aunt Margaret?
What had his mamma told him?

LESSON XXXI.

wood'en	hĕr'ring	twink'ling	dreamed
shoe	ruf'fled	foam	skies
mist'y	where ev'er	fish'er men	trun'dle-bed

'Twas means **it was.** They'd means **they did.**

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to hunt for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

From "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright 1889 by Eugene Field, and published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.



"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty to sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is the wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

SEAT–WORK.

Copy the last verse.

LESSON XXXII.

Luke	slate	let'ters	writ'ten
could	clear	sowed	failed
write	sharp	weeks	ev'er y
brought	point	vis'it	year

GROWING A NAME.

Little Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Would you like to make your name grow, Luke?" asked his mother.

Said Luke, "I never saw a name grow."

Then his mother took him to the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth.

Then his mother sewed seed all along the letters.

"Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and green."

Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden.



There was his name, "Luke Hays," in pretty, green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was very much pleased,

and has never failed to grow his name every year since.

SEAT–WORK.

Copy the first three paragraphs.

LESSON XXXIII.

drug'gist	bleed'ing	du'ty	kind'ly
some'thing	cured	bit'ten	cared
scratch'ing	wagged	crip'ple	mast'ers
o'pened	thank'ful ly	city	per haps'
strange	haste	hos'pit al	doc'tor

A DOG HOSPITAL.

One day last winter a druggist heard something scratching at the door of his shop. Then there was a soft cry. He opened the door. A strange dog limped in, holding up a bleeding paw. How did the dog know that he could be cured in a drug store?

The good druggist took care of the dog's foot, and it soon got well. After that, the dog came every morning to the shop and wagged his tail thankfully. He was never in such haste as to forget this duty.

A few weeks later, when he called at the shop, he brought another dog. This one also had a bitten paw, and was crying with pain. How the good doctor laughed to see

this new cripple. But he cured him too. Now he is looking for other dogs.

All this took place in a great city. There is a hospital there for lost dogs and cats. They are kindly fed and cared for till they find good masters. Perhaps the dog with the lame paw had lived at this hospital. If he had, he remembered the doctor's kindness. Perhaps this is why he scratched at the doctor's door.

SEAT-WORK.

[Copy and supply the right words]

The _____ cured the _____ dog.

The dog came every _____ to thank the _____

He brought other _____ dogs to be _____

There is a dog _____ in the great city.

LESSON XXXIV.

piece	dan'de li'on	play'mates	mean
Lil'y	gold'en	to-mor'row	love'ly
watched	pet'als	grow'ing	tears
blades	spread	to-day	doz'en
de light'ed	fence	sup pose'	bloom'ing

LILY'S GARDEN.

There was only a little piece of garden at Lily's home in the city. In the bright spring days she went out there and watched to see if any flowers came up. She felt happy when she found the first blades of grass.

Lily was delighted one morning when she found a dandelion in her yard—a real, yellow dandelion, with all its golden petals spread out.

Just then one of her playmates looked over the fence and put out her hand.

"Do give it to me," she said.

"But it's all I have," said Lily; "I can not give it away. Wait till to-morrow, and there will be some more out. They're growing. There will be a great many to-morrow or next week."

"To-morrow! I want it now, to-day," said her friend; "to-day is better than to-morrow."

Lily looked at the child and then at the dandelion. "I suppose it would be mean to keep it," she said; "but it is so lovely. Can you wait?"

"Oh, well, keep it, then."

"Come and pick it yourself," said Lily, with tears in her eyes.

The next day, when Lily went into the yard, there were a dozen golden dandelions. They looked like stars in the grass. A little blue violet was blooming all alone near by.

LESSON XXXV.

Ăr'ăbs	fring'es	tur'ban	brings
clothes	cush'ions	sol'emn	car'a vans
blank'ets	des'ert	haught'y	cam'el
co'sy	naught	chief	cush'ioned
shawls	palm-trees	Dor'o thy	jour'ney

THE ARABS.

A clothes-horse and some blankets,
 A cosy tent and snug,
Gay shawls with fringes bright of hue,
 Some cushions and a rug.



And we are in the desert,
With naught on either hand
But palm-trees scattered here and there,
And wastes of yellow sand.

All in his snowy turban,
Cross-legged, solemn-eyed,
Sits Dick, the haughty Arab chief,
And smokes his pipe in pride.

The busy maiden Dorothy
Goes to and from the well,
And brings him dates and bread to eat,
And water in a shell.

The sun is hot above them,
The hours go silent by;
They watch the caravans afar,
Like blots upon the sky.

The sofa is a camel,
Upon whose cushioned back
The two may ride, with all their goods
Before them in a pack.

And when the stars are shining,
They fold their tent away,
And journey far across the sand
Until another day.

—*Margaret Johnson.*

LESSON XXXVI.

thought	quick	wrist	desk
but'ter flies	fin'gers	to'ward	del'i cate
chas'ing	beau'ty	sit'ting-room	spoiled
called	pret'ti est	draw'er	care'ful

Isn't means **is not.**

BUTTERFLIES.



Dorothy and Dick were playing out in the fields. They thought it fine fun to catch butterflies. They had been chasing one for a long time, when mother called to them and asked them if they were doing as they would be done by.

"I don't see what that has to do with chasing butterflies," said Dorothy. "Oh, there he is, Dick; catch him quick!"

Away went Dick, and soon came back

with the beautiful yellow and black butterfly in his fingers.

"Look, mother," he said, "isn't he a beauty?"

"He is one of the prettiest I ever saw," said mother, "but look at your fingers."

"That's nothing," said Dick; "that's only some of the butter that came off his wings."

Mother took her boy by the wrist and walked toward the house. When they were in the sitting-room, she pulled open a drawer in the desk and took out a little round glass.

She put the glass over Dick's fingers and told him to look. "Does it look like butter?"

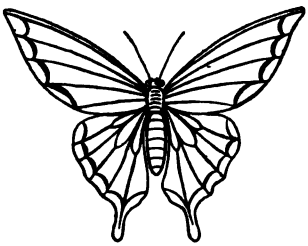
"Why, no," said Dick; "it looks like feathers, brown and yellow and red."

"That's what they are, son; feathers you have pulled out of the poor butterfly's delicate little wings."

"Did it hurt him?" asked Dick.

"I do not know how much it hurt him," said mother; "but you have spoiled his wings so that he cannot fly as well as he

could before you caught him. We must be careful not to hurt, just for fun, what God has made."



SEAT–WORK.

Draw the butterfly.

What makes butterflies?

What harm do caterpillars do?

Is it wrong to kill them?

When is it wrong to kill butterflies?

Copy the Golden Rule:—

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

PICTURE LESSON.



What is the name of this bird?

What kind of head and body has it?

Tell about its wings and tail.

Tell what kind of legs it has, and how its toes are placed.

Where does this bird build its nest? Why?

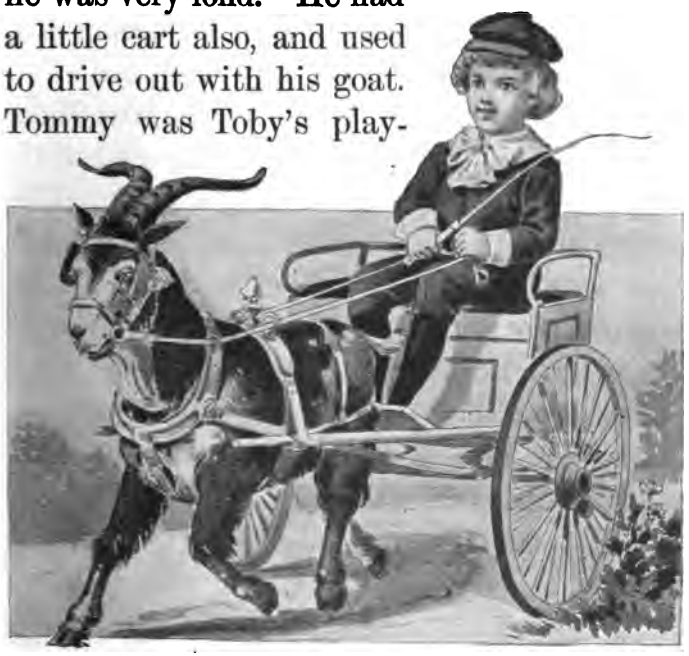
[Ask your teacher to read you Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln."]

LESSON XXXVII.

goat	Snow'ball	goat-cart	rein
fond	style	shouted	a head'
birth'day	hand'some	sur prise'	whoa
pa pa'	cor'ner	hur'ried	head'long

THE TWO GOATS.

Toby had a brown and white goat, of which he was very fond. He had a little cart also, and used to drive out with his goat. Tommy was Toby's play-



mate, and lived not far away. He liked very much to drive Toby's goat.

Tommy's birthday came in December, and what do you think his papa gave him? Why, a little goat; only this one was all white, and had black horns. It was called Snowball.

Tommy was very happy, and thought he would go at once to see Toby. There was snow upon the ground and so Tommy put Snowball to his little red sled. He set out in fine style. Oh, how proud he was of his handsome team!

As Tommy turned the corner, he saw Toby coming in his goat-cart. Toby shouted with surprise when he saw Tommy's goat. The boys hurried to meet each other. The path was wide, and Tommy tried to turn out to make room for Toby. But Snowball would not turn. He wanted to have his own way.

Tommy pulled first one rein and then the other. It was of no use. Snowball went straight ahead.

"You must turn out, Toby," shouted Tommy.

"I can't," answered Toby, "my goat will not mind me."

In fact, both goats wanted to do as they

pleased. They began to run, with their heads down.

"Whoa! whoa! whoa!" shouted the two boys. It was of no use; the goats would not obey.

Bump they went against each other with all their might. Over went the sled. Over went the cart. Toby and Tommy tumbled headlong into the snow; but, after all, nobody was hurt.

It is a bad thing for goats and boys always to have their own way.

SEAT–WORK.

Write the story of these two boys and their goats.

LESSON XXXVIII.

civ'il	laid	wag'on	di rec'tion
arm'y	ac count'	Get'tys burg	join'ing
fare	spared	get'ting	in'ter est
gen'e ral	front	read'y	perched

GEN. LEE'S HEN.

During the Civil War Gen. Lee and his army, a great part of the time, had very

poor fare. So the general was much pleased when a friend, one day, sent him some chickens.

Among the chickens was a hen that laid an egg every day. On this account Gen. Lee's cook spared her life.



Every day the hen would walk to and fro in front of the general's tent. When all was quiet, she would slip in and lay an egg under his bed; then she would march out with a proud cackle.

Very much pleased by this, Gen. Lee left the door open every day for the hen to come in, and every day she gave the general a fresh egg for his breakfast.

When camp broke up at one place and moved to another, the cook put the hen in the wagon and carried her along too.

She went with the army to Gettysburg. One night when they were getting ready to move, some one asked, "Where is the hen?" She could not be found. Search was made in every direction, even Gen. Lee joined in it. Everybody knew her, and took an interest in her.

At last she was found. Can you guess where? Perched up in the wagon, ready to move!

What do you think of this hen?

[Adapted from Long's "Life of Lee."]

SEAT-WORK.

Where did Gen. Lee get his hen?
Why was she not killed?
What do you think of this hen?

LESSON XXXIX.

cot'tage	in vit'ed	Vic to'ri a	no'where
cous'in	en joy'ed	Cin der el'la	course
Em'ma	Ma ri'a	bo͝o͞u quet'	ex cept'
tea-par'ty	Lou i'sa	af'ter noon'	chair

NELLY'S TEA-PARTY.

Nelly Ray lives in a brown cottage down by the river. There are not many houses

near, and no little children to play with her. One day her mamma took her to the city to visit her cousin. She was older than Nelly, and had a great many playmates.

While Nelly was there, Emma had a tea-party, and invited her little friends. Nelly



enjoyed it very much, and after she went home wanted to have a party of her own.

"But," said her mamma, "whom will you invite?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Nelly. "I can find somebody, I think. And I'll have my dolls."

Nelly had three dolls—Maria Louisa, Victoria, and Cinderella. Then she had a little

dog named Frisk, and three cats. Snowdrop was the mother, and Punch and Judy were kittens. Nelly thought that with all of them she could have a nice party.

Her mamma gave her some cakes and milk. She picked a bouquet of daisies and buttercups for the table. Maria Louisa and Victoria were taking their afternoon nap when they were invited, but Cinderella was nowhere to be found. It took Nelly some time to remember where she had seen her. And where do you think it was? Up in the old apple-tree! Then Nelly called Frisk and Snowdrop, and of course Punch and Judy came running after.

So they went to Nelly's little play-house. They all had to sit on the ground except Victoria, who had a high chair.

What do you think they talked about?

SEAT-WORK.

Write what you think they talked about at Nelly's tea-party.

Write the story of a tea-party you have had.

LESSON XL.

rye	wil'low-tree	hand'som er	nod'ded
bar'ley	buck'wheat	ap'ple	proud'ly
smil'ing	stiff	blos'soms	storm
op'po site	corn-ear	pleas'ure	fold'ed

THE BUCKWHEAT'S PRIDE.



I.

Corn and wheat were growing in the fields round about. There were rye, barley and oats, too. The oats had great, fine, yellow heads. The corn stood smiling with its great yellow ears.

Just opposite the old willow-tree, there was a field of buckwheat. The buckwheat did not bend as the other grain did, but was proud and stiff.

"I am as rich as any corn-ear," it said. "Besides I am handsomer; my flowers are as beautiful as the apple blossoms. It is a pleasure to look at me. Do you know anything more beautiful than I am, old willow-tree?"

The willow-tree nodded his head, as if to say, "That is very true."

The buckwheat spread itself out very proudly. It said, "The poor old tree—he is so old the grass grows in his body!"

Now a great storm came on. The field flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads. The storm passed over them, but the buckwheat stood up straight and proud.

"Bend your head," said the flowers.

"I do not need to bend my head," said the buckwheat.

"Bend your head as we do," said the crops of grain. "The storm is coming and it will beat you down if you do not bend."

"No, I will not bend," said the buckwheat.

SEAT-WORK.

What did the buckwheat say about itself?
What did it say about the willow-tree?
What did the flowers do when the storm came?
What did they say to the buckwheat?

II.

light'ning	pride	waved	ev'er y thing'
daz'zles	burned	wept	clouds
heav'en	coal-black	weep	smell

"Shut up your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old willow-tree. "Don't look up at the lightning. Men, even, are afraid to look at the lightning. The light dazzles them."

"I am not afraid! I will look straight up into heaven." It did look up in its pride. It seemed as if the world were on fire.

After the storm was over the flowers and crops stood fresh and beautiful. The poor buckwheat was burned coal-black by the lightning.

The old willow-tree waved its branches in the wind. Great drops of water fell down out of the green leaves, just as if the tree wept. "Why do you weep?" asked the birds. "Everything is beautiful. The sun shines and the clouds sail on. Do you not smell the sweet flowers? Why do you weep, willow-tree?"



Then the willow-tree told them of the pride of the buckwheat, and how it was punished.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

SEAT–WORK.

What did the willow tell it to do when the storm came?

What did the buckwheat say?

What happened to the proud buckwheat?

Why does the willow weep?

LESSON XLI.

mil'ler	talk'ing	al'most	shoul'der
driv'ing	peo'ple	gen'tle man	bray
dŏn'key	ear'nest ly	heav'y	strange
crowd	proves	swung	cross'ing
wo'men	ought	rid'ing	bridge

HOW TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

A miller and his son were driving a donkey to town to sell.

They had not gone far before they met a crowd of women, all laughing and talking.

"Look there!" said one. "Did you ever see such people? Why do they walk when they might be riding?"

When the miller heard this, he made his son ride the donkey while he walked.

Soon they came to a crowd of old men talking earnestly.

"Look there," said one of the old men, "that proves what I said. Don't you see the strong young son is riding, and the poor old father is walking. How tired he must be!"

When the father heard this, he made his

son get down from the donkey, and he took his place.

After a little while they met a crowd of children.



"See!" said one of them. "That poor boy is so tired. His father ought to be ashamed of himself."

Then the miller took his son up behind him, and they went on to town.

They had almost reached the town when they met a gentleman who stopped and asked, "Whose donkey is that?"

"It is my donkey," said the miller.

"I did not think so, from the heavy load you have on him," said the gentleman.

"How can we help it?" said the miller.

"I think," said the other, "that you ought to carry your donkey. He is not very large and you look very strong."

So the miller tied the donkey's legs together and swung him on a pole. They then put the pole over their shoulders and went on to town.

The donkey did not like this and began to bray and kick.

A great many people came out to see the strange sight.

At last, just as they were crossing a bridge going into the town the donkey broke the rope which tied his legs. So the miller, his son, and his donkey all fell into the water and were drowned.

SEAT-WORK.

Tell the story of the man that tried to please everybody.

A PICTURE LESSON.



A CHILD OF NATURE.

Who is this little girl?

How old is she?

When was her birthday?
How many sisters and brothers has she?
Where do they live?
What has she in her hands?
Where did she get them?
Tell what she is going to do with them.

LESSON XLII.

sea'son	matched	bot'tom	an'swered
slide	begged	ta'ble	re mem'ber
sun'ny	old'est	hopped	un'der stood'
De cem'ber	be sides'	perch	throat
mit'tens	cool'ly	ea'ger	fin'ished
hap'pi ly	twin'kle	flut'ter	scat'ter ing

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

The very first snow of the season had come—just enough to slide on without going in over your boots.

It was a sunny December day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the lawn all ready for fun.

Mamie wore her blue hood and red mittens. Her eyes matched the hood, and her cheeks matched the mittens. She wanted the first slide down the hill.

"O, please let me, Teddy?" she begged.

"No," said Ted; "I'm going to slide first, because I'm the oldest. Besides, it's my sled."

"Then you're a mean boy," said Mamie.

"Say much, and I'll slide all the time," answered Ted, coolly.

"Ted! Mamie!" mamma called. "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?"

"O, yes!" they cried.

Mamma took off the cage bottom and set the cage over a glass dish full of water on the table.

Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter, and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then all at once he seemed to remember something. He looked up at Cleo.

"Chip! chip! chip!" he said.

Cleo understood.

"Che up!" she answered softly.

Then down she came and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sang as if he meant to burst his little throat.

When Cleo finished her bath he took his, scattering the water drops like rain.

Mamma looked at Teddy.

"What do you think of it?" she asked, with a twinkle.

"I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Teddy promptly. "And I'm going to be one, too. You can slide first, Mamie."

And the children ran back happily to their play.

SEAT-WORK.

Copy what Mamie and Teddy said to each other before mamma called them.

Why was Tony a little gentleman?

LESSON XLIII.

raked	shin'ing	soft'en	creep'ing
cov'er	pat'ter ing	a wakes'	peep'ing

SPRING SONG.

In my little garden bed,
Raked so nicely over,
First the tiny seeds I sow,
Then with soft earth cover.

Shining down, the great round sun
 Smiles upon it often;
Little rain drops pattering down,
 Help the seed to soften.

Then the little plant awakes!
 Down the roots go creeping,
Up it lifts its little head
 Through the brown mold peeping.

High and higher still it grows,
 Through the summer hours,
Till some happy day the buds
 Open into flowers.

—*From Poulsson's Finger Plays.*

SEAT–WORK.

Copy and put in the right words.

The great _____ sun _____
upon the little _____
Little _____ drops help
the seed to _____
Then the _____ plant _____

LESSON LXIV.

pict'ure	Maine	Eu'rope	stu'dents
Long'fel low	Bow'doin (bō'dn)	teach'er	polite'
Port'land	Col'lege	Har'vard	treats

LONGFELLOW.



This is a picture of Henry W. Longfellow. He was born in Portland, Maine, in the year 1807.

He went to school at Bowdoin College, in Maine, when he was a boy.

He wrote a poem when he was at Bowdoin College.

After he left college he went to Europe to study.

When he came back from Europe he became a teacher

He was a very young man when he began to teach.

He taught a long time at Harvard College, which is a very old school.

The students there liked him very much, because he was always polite and kind to them.

They said, "Mr. Longfellow treats us like gentlemen."

LESSON XLV.

Cām'bridge	po'ems	stairs	half-way
Wash ing ton	Hī'a wa'tha	showed	beck'ons

LONGFELLOW'S HOME.

Longfellow lived in Cambridge a long time.

While he was there he lived in a very old house.

George Washington had once lived in the same house.

Longfellow wrote many of his poems there.

You know the poem about Hiawatha, the little Indian.



One day when Longfellow was an old man he was walking on the lawn. He saw a little girl peeping through the fence. She was crying. He went to her and asked her why she was crying.

The little girl said, "I came out with my mamma and have lost my way."

He said, "Come in here and I will help you."

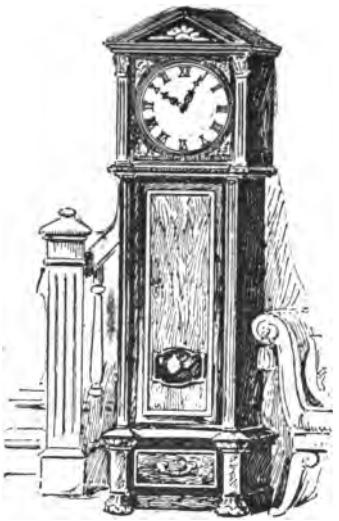
She asked, "Is this Mr. Longfellow? I have seen your picture at home."

He said, "Yes, I am Mr. Longfellow."

She was very glad to see him, and asked, "Is the old clock on the stairs still? Will

you show it to me? I love to read about it."

Then he took her in the house and showed her the old clock.



"Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands."

[Ask your teacher to read to you "The Old Clock on the Stairs."]

LESSON XLVI.

Ka bi'bo nok'ka	rab'bit	paint'ed	stained
ice'bergs	au'tumn	scar'let	crim'son

KABIBONOKKA.

Longfellow wrote about the four winds.

He wrote about the North Wind, the South Wind, the East Wind, and the West Wind.

The North Wind was Kabibonokka. Kabibonokka lived among icebergs. He lived in the land of the White Rabbit.



"He it was whose hand in autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet;
Stained the leaves with red and crimson."
Kabibonokka sent the snow in the winter.
He froze the ponds and lakes and rivers.

When he came the birds flew away to the land of the South Wind.

LESSON XLVII.

Chi'bi a'bos	child-like	hol'low	peace
dear'ly	wo'man	squir'rels	free'dom
sor'rows	flutes	lis'tened	un dy'ing

CHIBIABOS.

Hiawatha had two good friends.

One was the gentle Chibiabos.

He loved Chibiabos very dearly.

He told him all his joys and sorrows.

They talked a great deal about how they could help their people.

He was beautiful and child-like, and the sweetest of all singers.

He was as brave as a man, and as gentle as a woman.

All the men and women loved to hear him sing.

He made flutes out of the hollow reeds.

The squirrels, the birds, and the rabbits sat up and listened to his singing.

The brook said,—

"Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing."

The robin said,—

"Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness."

The people were made better by his singing,—

"For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing,
Sang of death and life undying."

LESSON XLVIII.

In'di an	floor	pap poose'	strapped
un'cle	wig'wam	a sleep'	piece
prai'rie	ham'mocks	squaw	hoop
porch	bench'es	an oth'er	jin'gle

A VISIT TO THE INDIANS.

Ally and Netty went to see some Indian houses. Their uncle took them, and they had to drive a long way over the prairie. The Indians were not wild like the ones who live in the far West. They lived in frame houses.

There was only one room in each house,

and in front was a large porch. It was about as large as the house, but did not have any floor except the ground. Near



each house was a wigwam made of bark. The Indians liked better to stay in the wigwam or the porch than in the house.

They had hammocks hung up on the

porch, and wide benches along the side, where they could sit and sleep.

At one house they found a little pappoose asleep in the hammock on the porch. It was about two years old, and as brown as a berry. Then a squaw took them into the room and showed them another baby. It was a little bit of a thing, and was strapped on a board. There was a piece of hoop that came in front of its head. The hoop had tiny bells hung on it. When the pappoose was moved the bells would jingle.

Netty and Ally wished to take it home with them, but the squaw thought too much of her baby to let it go. She laughed when they asked for it.

SEAT-WORK.

Where do Indians live?

What are their houses called?

Out of what are they made?

What is an Indian baby called?

In what does it sleep?

Why do they strap them to boards sometimes?

LESSON XLIX.

glit'ters	frost	un'der neath'	queen
combs	rob'ins	mold	ghost
spun	trill	dig'ging	ha'lo

BRIGHT LITTLE DANDELION.

Cunning little dandelion
 Glitters in the sun;
Wind comb out his yellow hair
 Like gold that is spun.

Let the winter work its will,
 With its frost and snow;
When he hears the robins trill,
 He begins to grow.

What is he about down there,
 Underneath the mold?
Has he not an hour to spare,
 Digging hard for gold?

Has he work enough to do
 On his jacket green,
Slashing it and shaping it,
 Fit for king or queen?

Does he never hear, you think
When the brooklets coo?



Does he never sleep a wink
All the long night through?

Like a ghost he fades, alas,
Ere the summer's fled,
In among the meadow grass,
A halo round his head!

SEAT-WORK.

[Fill the blanks below.]

The dandelion _____
in the sun.
The wind _____ his
_____ hair.
He begins to grow
when the _____ trill.
Like a _____ he fades
in the summer.

LESSON L.

ka'ty did	ridge	us'u al ly	air-tubes
in'sect	drum'head	some times'	loud'er
doubt	mu'sic	dusk	hum'ming
col'or	en joy'	com'pa ny	feel'er

HOW INSECTS MAKE MUSIC.



The katydid has a very curious wing. You have seen this little insect, I have no doubt. Its color is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another on the wing. On this ridge there is a thin and strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead.

It is the rubbing of these two ridges, or drumheads, that makes the queer noise you have heard. There is no music in it, surely. The insect could keep quiet as well as not, but she seems to enjoy doing it.

The katydid usually makes three rubs with her drumheads, sometimes only two. You can fancy she says: "Katy did," and "she did," or "she didn't." The moment it is dusk they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered each other.

Do you know how bees hum? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings we hear. It is the air, drawing in and out of the air-tubes in the bee's quick flight. The faster the bee flies the louder the humming is.

Do you believe insects feel? Indeed, they do! They have nerves all over them, even through their wings, and to the end of each feeler. You must remember this, and be kind to all the little insects God has made.

SEAT-WORK.

What is the color of the katydid?

How do they make their noises?

With what do insects feel?

LESSON LI.

an'swers	queer	edge	push'es
use'ful	nerves	teeth	build
a like'	pur'pose	search'ing	sew

HOW BIRDS USE THEIR BILLS.

The birds do not have hands, but they have something that answers just as well.



Their bills are as useful to them as your hands are to you.

They are not all made alike, or used in [illegible] same way. The duck has a very queer [illegible] It is made so, because this bird has to [illegible] food under water. It cannot see [illegible]ts, and so must feel.

This bill is filled with nerves for the purpose. It has a row of little points, too, all around the edge, somewhat like teeth. But how does the duck use it? Let us see.

When searching for food, it pushes this bill down and brings it up full of mud. Now, in the mud are the very things the bird lives upon. These little nerves tell it just what is good to eat. What is not good is sent out through these queer points.

You know all about the little birds that build nests with their bills. Some can sew very well with their beaks; of course they use their feet, too.

LESSON LII.

elm	thread	won'der ful	sign
branch'es	wal'nut	out'side	of'fice
no'ticed	co coon'	cu'ri ous	pict'ure-frame
tough	cat'er pil'lar	curled	a light'ed
silk'en	moth	won'dered	months

THE COCOON.

One day last winter I stood looking at the snow fall, and watching how the wind tossed

the branches of the elm trees. "How cold it is! Surely, nothing can live out doors," I thought.

As I looked out again, I noticed some little brown balls hanging from the tree. "Surely, those are not dried leaves; but what are they? I took a long stick and knocked down several. It was not an easy matter, as each one was held to the branch by a tough silken thread. They were about the size and shape of a walnut, only a little longer. They were cocoons.

A cocoon is the house which the caterpillar makes for itself to stay in, while it is waiting to become a moth or butterfly, and a wonderful house it is! The outside of each of these was made of two dry leaves. I cut through the case, which was like a thin nut shell, and found that the inside of the house was yet more curious, for it was made of soft silk. In this soft cradle lay a fat little caterpillar, curled up fast asleep.

I wondered when it would wake.

I hung up my bunch of cocoons near my desk, and every day through the long winter I looked at them, but there was no sign of

life. One bright May morning, as I went to my office, I thought that summer had almost come, for the trees were full of leaves, and the birds were singing. As I sat down to write, I looked up at my cocoons.

But, oh, what a surprise! On a picture-frame near by was a large moth, fully five



inches across. It was fanning its wings slowly up and down, drying them, for they were damp. I noticed that one of the cocoons had a tiny hole in the bottom, and through this the moth had crept carefully out.

The moth was gray and brown, with lovely bright spots on its wings. In about half an hour, it was quite dry, and when night came it flew around the room a few times. Then it darted gracefully out of the window, and

alighted on the very elm tree upon which I had found the cocoons months ago.—*Sunday-School Times.*

LESSON LIII.

door'way	trudged	grave'ly	whacks
wav'ing	brown'ish	am'bled	staffs
stur'dy	whis'pered	sniffed	fool'ish
Lou'is	school-bags	ap'ple-tart	gath'ered
Har'old	scram'bled	swal'lowed	lan'guage
Kim'mell	gasped	col'lar	o beyed'
bear-tracks	cling'ing	quick'ly	trot'ted

A BEAR STORY.

Shoulder to shoulder they marched off to school, and their mother stood in the doorway, waving her hand to them until they were out of sight. Brave, sturdy little fellows were Louis and Harold, but to-day they did not want to leave home. Old Jake Kimmell, down in the woods, had seen some bear-tracks in the snow, and had said that he must have been a big one.

"Oh, Louis, suppose we should meet him!" said Harold, as they entered the woods, "what should we do?"

"Climb a tree," promptly said Louis.

Silently on they trudged. A little ahead, Harold noticed a brownish mass lying on the snow, and as they came nearer it seemed to be moving, and up rose a great bear!



"Run for a tree, Harold," whispered Louis, and down went their school-bags and up scrambled the boys. "Oh, what will he do!" gasped Harold, clinging to his branch. Up trotted the bear on all fours, then he gravely raised himself on his hind legs and made the boys a very polite bow.

Catching sight of the school-bags, he ambled up to Louis's, sniffed at it, got it open, and stole the nice apple-tart mother had given the boys for their lunch. He had hardly swallowed it when somebody shouted, "Here he is!" and his keeper came running up, caught him quickly by the collar, and gave him one or two sharp whacks with his staff.

Down scrambled the boys from the tree, feeling rather foolish, and gathered up their bags. "Bruno eata you bread?" the keeper asked, "then he musta you pay." And giving Bruno his staff, he talked to him in a language the boys could not understand, but which Bruno obeyed.

He marched, he danced, he died, he came to life again, and then, with a grand bow, trotted off with his master, leaving two delighted boys to run the rest of the way to school. Of course they were late, but oh, the wonderful story they had to tell!

SEAT-WORK.

What did the boys meet?
What did they do?
Whose bear was it?
What did the man make the bear do?

LESSON LIV.

Fred'dy	blood	step'ping	struck
ex pe'ri ence	ma'ny	for'ward	in'stant
coun'try	fel'low	in stead'	scream
asked	crook'ed	clapped	res'cue
ques'tions	chal'lenge	chub'by	treat'ment

FREDDY'S EXPERIENCE.

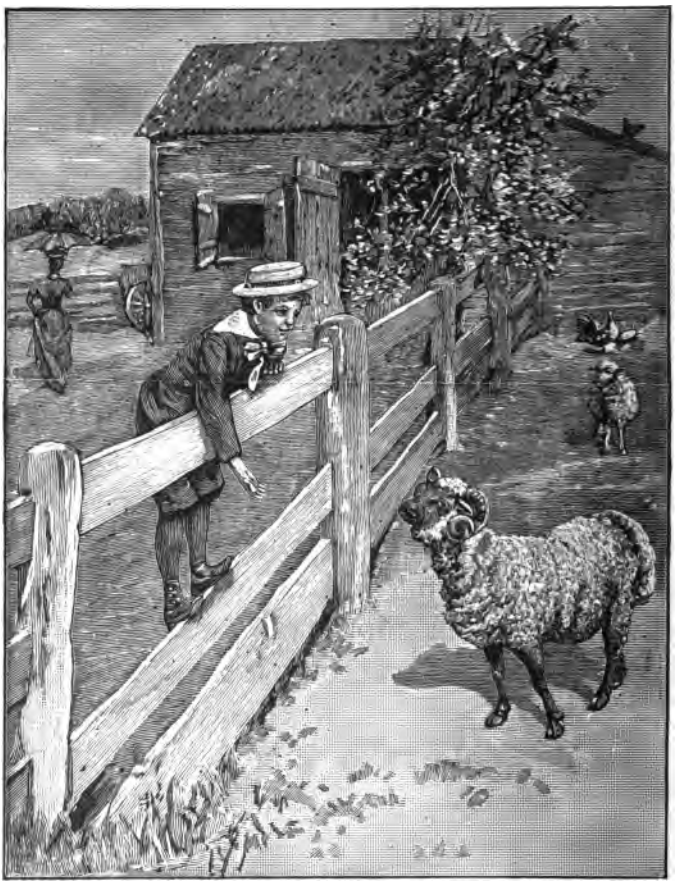
Freddy was three years old before he ever saw the country or his Grandma Stone. He was delighted with both, and asked more questions about the many new things he saw than his grandma could answer.

He saw a flock of sheep feeding in a field beyond the barn. He ran up to the fence to watch them nip the grass. One big fellow with crooked horns came up, shaking his head.

"Oh!" said Freddy, "he's making me a bow. I'll make him one," and he bowed very low.

Billy, that was the sheep's name, took this for a challenge. Stepping back a few steps, he darted forward with all his might.

Of course, his head struck the fence instead of Freddy.



The little boy now clapped his chubby hands, and shouted in high glee. "He

wants to play with me, just like Fido," said he, and he went into the field.



Billy darted at him again. In an instant Freddy was knocked flat upon the ground.

He did not like this rough treatment.

"Fido don't do that way," he said, as he got upon his feet again.

He was no sooner up than Billy came at him a third time, and down he went.

Freddy began to cry and scream with fright. Grandma heard him and ran to his rescue. There was blood on his hands and face and collar. He had struck his poor little nose in falling. But he said that he would never, never go near Billy again. And he did not.

LESSON LV.

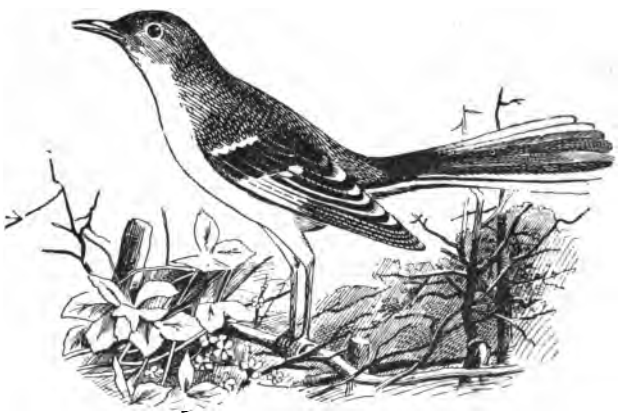
wid'ow	nail	ad mit'	sud'den ly
earned	e'ven ing	grieved	bough
scrub	emp'ty	for'est	mock'ing bird
glimpse	search'ing	de light'ful	pris'on er
nar'row	forced	crowd'ed	in'mate

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A poor widow who was all alone in the world, earned her living by going out to wash and scrub, day after day. She left

her room early in the morning, and did not return to it until night.

She had but one living thing to keep her company, a pet bird. That it might catch a glimpse of the blue sky, from the narrow street in which she lived, she used to hang it on a nail quite outside of her window,



before she left. On her return she took it down and hung it near the head of her bed.

One evening on coming home she found the cage with its door open, and empty. After searching again and again, through every corner of her room, thinking her bird could not have left her, she was forced to admit it was gone.

The poor woman missed her bird when she awoke in the morning, when she went out to her day's work, and when she came back, tired and sad at heart, after her work was over. The cage still hung near her bed; she looked at it and grieved—yes, more than she ought to have done.

One night she had a dream. She thought she was walking through a forest, the air was pure and cool, the shade was delightful, and every leaf looked fresh and green. She thought how different all this was from the crowded street in which she lived.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud note far above her head. She looked up and saw her mocking bird leaping from bough to bough.

Its song was not like it used to be, with a note of sadness in it, but glad and full of joy—the song of a prisoner set free.

She awoke, rose up, took down the cage and put it into a closet out of sight, not forgetting its former inmate, but thinking of it as she had seen it in her dream after its escape.

"I am satisfied," she said, "and would not call it back."

SEAT-WORK.

How did the poor widow earn her living?

What happened to her bird?

What was her dream?

What did she say when she awoke?

LESSON LVI.

tŏss	a-blow'ing	blow'er	strong'er
kites	dif'fer ent	beast	loud

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and sky,
Or just a stronger child than I?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—*Stevenson.*

LESSON LVII.

mod'el	mew'ing	pro'verb	re plied'
hab'its	joy'ful ly	be comes'	for give'
scam'per	watch'ing	en'tered	rogue
mis'tress	half-shut	cream	Mo'ses

BAD SIR MOSES.

Sir Moses was called a model kitten. He was nice in his habits, and grave and quiet.

To be sure, he would chase wildly after a ball of yarn when Flora dragged it; and he would scamper fast enough down the garden walk behind his little mistress, mewing joy-



fully as he ran; but most of the time he was very still. He would sleep in Flora's lap, or lie upon the rug watching her with half-shut eyes. An old proverb says, "Still

waters run deep." Perhaps the man who wrote it knew a cat like Sir Moses.

"I would like to know what becomes of my cream!" This was what mamma said at the breakfast table. The children all opened their eyes at her in surprise. "What do you mean, mamma?" asked Bessie.

"Why," replied her mother, "I bring in the cream in this little pitcher every morning, when I first come down, and put it on the table. Now, for three mornings, it has been half gone by breakfast time. Who can have taken it?"

Nobody knew. The pitcher was an odd little thing, with a small neck. One fact was very strange—there was no mark of cream on the edges of the pitcher.

There was a great deal of wonder and talk about this strange loss of the cream. It happened again the next morning, and the morning after that. On the third day Bessie was heard shouting, "Ah, you rogue, I have caught you at last!" And so she had. It was that meek Sir Moses.

When the pitcher was put upon the table, he waited till he was left alone. Then he

leaped upon the table, and put his paw into the pitcher. You may be sure it did not take him long to lick the cream from his paw. Then he dipped again and again, till he heard somebody coming. When the person entered, he seemed to be sound asleep.

That night Katy heard Flora add to her prayer: "O God, please forgive Sir Moses, for he didn't know any better."



GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

ā	as in	bāke	ọ	as in	dọ
ă	"	făt	ȯ	"	cȯme
â	"	câre	ô	"	nôr
å	"	låst	ọ	"	wọlf
ä	"	cär	o͞o	"	to͞ol
ạ	"	ạll	o͝o	"	to͝ok
ạ	"	whạt	ou	"	out (unmarked)
			ow	"	now "
ē	"	mē	oi	"	voice "
ĕ	"	mĕt	oy	"	boy "
ẽ	"	hẽr			
e͟y	"	the͟y	ū	"	tūne
ê	"	thêre	ŭ	"	nŭt
			ụ	"	bụsh
ī	"	fīne	û	"	tûrn
ĭ	"	pĭn	ụ	"	rụde
ĩ	"	bĩrd			
ī	"	polīce	ȳ	"	trȳ
			y̆	"	story̆
ō	"	nō	ỹ	"	mỹrtle
ŏ	"	nŏt			

CONSONANTS.

c͟=k	as in	c͟at	x=ks	as in	tax
ç=s	"	çent	x̱=gz	"	ex̱ist
c͟h=k	"	c͟horus	ph=f	"	sylph
çh=sh	"	maçhine	qu=kw	"	queen
g̃=g	"	g̃et	wh=hw	"	what
ġ=j	"	dan'ġer	th	"	thin
dġ=j	"	edġe	~~th~~	"	smoo~~th~~
ş=z	"	iş	ng	"	sing
ci=sh	"	gra'cious			
ti=sh	"	mo'tion	When placed at the beginning of a syllable.		
si=sh	"	pas'sion			
si=zh	"	oc ca'sion			

tion
is recei
college p
teachers of
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publisher, and is, we
those the people have been.

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QUESTIONS.

1. What United States history does your child use?
2. Does it concern you whether or not it tells the truth?
3. Is not a truth half told more dangerous than a direct falsehood?
4. Is it not a fact that the history your child studies sins by omission as well as by commission?
5. How long will the people stand this condition of things?

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

ā	as in bāke	o̧	as in do̧		
ă	" făt	ȯ	" cȯme		
â	" câre	ô	" nôr		
å	" låst	o̧	" wo̧lf		
ä	" cär	o͝o	" to͝ol		
a̧	" a̧ll	o͝o	" to͝ok		
ạ	" whạt	ou	" out (unmarked)		
		ow	" now	"	
ē	" mē	oi	" voice	"	
ĕ	" mĕt	oy	" boy	"	
ẽ	" hẽr				
e̱	" the̱y	ū	" tūne		
ê	" thêre	ŭ	" nŭt		
		ụ	" bụsh		
ī	" fīne	û	" tûrn		
ĭ	" pĭn	u̱	" ru̱de		
ĭ	" [illegible]				

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